Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more *German* to the matter if we could carrie a Canon by our sides, I would it might bee hangers till then, but on, six *Barbary* horses against six *French* Swords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it please his Maiesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what florish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my dutie to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for his turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so sir with his dugge before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know the drossie age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of mistie collect on, which carries them through and through the most profane and trennowned opinons, and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by yong *Ostricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure, if his fitnesse speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoeuer, prouided I be so able as now.

Lord.

Lord. The King and Queene and all are c

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse so
ment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora, You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went in
in continuall practise, I shall winne at the
not thinke how ill all's heere about my hear

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolerie, but it is such a
as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, ob
their repaire hither and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we defie Augurie, there
in the fall of a Sparrow, if it bee, tis not to
come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it
nesse is all, since no man of ought he leaues
leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Trumpets, Drums and O
King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, D

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take thi

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue d
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this p
And you must needs haue heard, how I am p
With a sore distraction: what I haue done
That might your nature, honour, and excep
Roughly awake I heere proclaime was mad
Was't *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Ham*
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when he's not himselfe, doe's wrong
Then *Hamlet* doe's it not, *Hamlet* denies it
Who does it then? his madnesse. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous the
That I haue shot my Arrow ore the house

N

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